The Cooper of *Norfolke*:

OR,

A pretty Ieſt of a Brewer and the Coopers Wife: And how the Cooper ſerved the Brewer in his kind.

To the tune of, The Wiving Age.

ATtend my Maſters, and liſten well
Unto this my Ditty, which briefly doth tell
Of a fine merry Ieſt which in Norfolke befell:
A brave luſty Cooper in that Countie did dwell,
And there he cry'd Worke for a Cooper,
Maids ha'ye any worke for a Cooper?

This Cooper he had a faire creature to's wife, (life,
Which a Brewer i'th Towne lov'd as deare as his
And ſhe had a tricke, which in ſome wives is rife:
She ſtill kept a heath for another mans knife,
And often cornuted the Cooper,
While he cry'd, More worke for a Cooper.

It hapned one morning the Cooper out went,
To worke for his living it was his intent:
He truſted his houſe to his wives government,
And left her in bed to her owne hearts content,
While he cry'd, What worke for a Cooper,
Maids ha'ye any worke for a Cooper?

And as the Cooper was paſſing along,
Still crying and calling his old wonted ſong,
The Brewer, his rivall, both luſtie and yong,
Did thinke now or never to doe him ſome wrong,
And lie with the wife of the Cooper,
Who better lov'd him than the Cooper.

So calling the Cooper, hee to him did ſay,
Goe home to my houſe, and make no delay,
I have ſo much worke as thou canſt doe to day:
What ever thou earneſt, Ile bountifully pay.
Theſe tidings well pleaſed the Cooper,
Oh, this was brave newes for the Cooper.

Away went the Cooper to th'houſe of the Brewer,
Who ſeeing him ſafe at his worke to indure:
Thought he, now for this day the Cooper is ſure,
Ile goe to his wife, her greſn-ſickneſſe to cure:
Take heed of your forehead, good Cooper,
For now I muſt worke for the Cooper.

So ſtraight waies he went to the Coopers dwelling,
The goodwife to give entertainment was willing,
The Brewer & ſhe like two pigeons were billing:
And what they did elſe they have bound mee from telling:
He pleaſed the wife of the Cooper,
Who better lov'd him than the Cooper.

But marke how it happened now at the laſt,
The ſun-ſhine of pleaſure was ſoone over-paſt;
The Cooper did lacke one of's Tooles, and in haſte
He came home to fetch it, and found the doore faſt:
Wife, open the doore, quoth the Cooper,
And let in thy husband the Cooper.

Now when the goodwife and the Brewer did heare
The Cooper at doore, affrighted they were:
The Brewer was in ſuch a bodily feare,
That for to hide himſelfe he knew not where,
To ſhun the fierce rage of the Cooper,
He thought he ſhould die by the Cooper.

The good wife perceiving his woefull eſtate,
She having a ſubtill and politicke pate,
She ſuddenly whelm'd downe a great brewing Fat,
And cloſely ſhe cover'd the Brewer with that:
Then after ſhee let in the Cooper,
What's under this Tub? quoth the Cooper.

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The second Part, To the same Tune.

SHe hearing her husband that question demand,
She thought it was time to her tackling to stand:
Take heed how you move it, qd. she, with your hand,
For there's a fine Pig was sent by a friend:
Oh, let it alone, good Cooper:
Thus she thought to couzen the Cooper.

Is it a Sow pig, the Cooper did say?
Let me have't to my Supper: the good wife said nay,
It is sir, a Boze-pig, quoth she, by my fay:
'Tis for my owne diet, 'twas gin'n me to day:
It is not for you, Iohn Coo
Then let it alone, Iohn Cooper.

I would it were in thy belly, quoth Iohn,
Indeed, quoth the goodwife, so it shall be anon:
What, ere I do with it, faith thou shalt have none.
Why standst thou here prating? I prethee be gone,
Make haste to thy worke, Iohn Cooper,
Worse meat's good enough for a Cooper.

Cannot a good wife have a bit now and than,
But there must be notice tane by the good man?
Ile have't to my dinner, sir, doe what you can:
It may be I long to have all or none:
Then prethee content thy selfe Cooper,
Oh goe to thy worke, Iohn Cooper.

The Cooper mistrusted some knauerie to be
Hid under the brewing Fat, and therefore he
Was fully resolv'd, for his mind sake, to see.
Alas, thought the Brewer, now woe be to me,
Oh what shall I say to the Cooper?
I would I were gone from the Cooper.

You whore, qd. the Cooper, is this your Boze-pig?
He has beene well fed, for he's growne very big:
Ile either of him have an arme or a leg;
Ile make him unable his taile for to wigg
Before he gets hence from Iohn Cooper,
Ile make him remember the Cooper.

Oh pardon me Neighbour the Brewer did say:
And for the offence I have done thee this day,
I am well contented thy wrath to allay,
And make restitution for this my foule play:
O prethee forgive me, Iohn Cooper,
And Ile be a friend to Iohn Cooper.

If from this offence thou wilt set me cleere,
My bounty and love to thee shall appeare:
Ile freely allow thee and thine all the yeare,
As much as ye'l drink, either strong Ale or Beere:
Then prethee forgive me, Iohn Cooper,
Accept of my proffer, Iohn Cooper.

Oh no, quoth the Cooper, I'de have thee to thinke,
That I with my labour can buy my selfe drinke:
Ile geld thee, or lame thee, ere from me thou shrink.
These words made the Brewer with feare for to
He feared the rage of the Cooper, (shrink;
Yet still he intreated the Cooper.

The Cooper by no meanes would let goe his hold,
The Brewer cry'd out to the Cooper, and told
Him, there was the key of his chiner and gold,
And gave him free leave to fetch what he would:
O then he contented the Cooper,
These tidings well pleased the Cooper.

If thou, quoth the Cooper, wilt sweare with an oath,
To doe all thou tell'st me, although I am loath,
I will be contented to pardon you both:
Content, quoth the Brewer, I will, by my troth,
Here take thou my key, Iohn Cooper.
Yea, with a good will, quoth the Cooper.

On this condition they both went their way,
Both Iohn and the Brewer, but Iohn kept the key,
Which open'd the Coffer where more money lay,
Than Iohn the Cooper had seene many a day:
This is a brave sight, thought the Cooper,
Ile furnish my selfe, thought the Cooper.

Iohn was so farre in affection with that,
That he tooke up handfuls and filled his Hat:
I will have my bargaine, quoth Iohn, that is flat,
The Brewer shall pay well for filling my Fat:
Ile cry no more worke for a Cooper,
Farewell to the trade of a Cooper.

Thus money can pacifie the greatest strife:
For Iohn never after found fault with his wife.
He left off his Adz, his Saw and his Knife,
And after liv'd richly all dayes of his life;
Hee cry'd no more worke for a Cooper:
Oh he left off the trade of a Cooper.

And in his merry mood, oft he would say,
If that I had hoop't twenty tubs in one day,
I should not have got so much wealth, by my fay:
Gramercie kind wife, for thy wit found the way
To make a rich man of Iohn Cooper:
Oh what a good wife has Iohn Cooper.

Let no marry'd couple that heare this tale told,
Be of the opinion this couple did hold,
To sell reputation for silver or gold:
For credit and honesty should not be sold.
Thus ended the song of the Cooper.
That cry'd, Ha'ye any worke for a Cooper.

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